

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* How chanceth it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

*Ros.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

*Ham.* Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

*Ros.* No indeede are they not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Flourish.*

*Guy.* There are the players

*Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extant to the players, which I tell you must shewe fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

*Guy.* In what my deare Lord.

*Ham.* I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Hark you *Guyldensterne*, & you to, are each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

*Ros.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning 't was then indeed.

*Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz,

*Pol.* Vppon my honor.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Ass.

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme

indeuidable.

*Prince of Denmarke.*

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

*Ham.* O *Iephtha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure hadst thou?

*Pol.* What a treasure had he my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th right old *Iephtha*?

*Pol.* What followes then my Lord?

*Ham.* Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shew you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

*Enter the Players.*

*Ham.* You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Demark*? what my young lady and Mistris, by lady your ladieshippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold; bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fauknors, flie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

*Player.* What speech my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not about once, for the play I remember, pleas'd not the million, 't was canary to the general, but it was as I receiued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no sallets in the lines; to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, 't was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like Thirceanian beaft,